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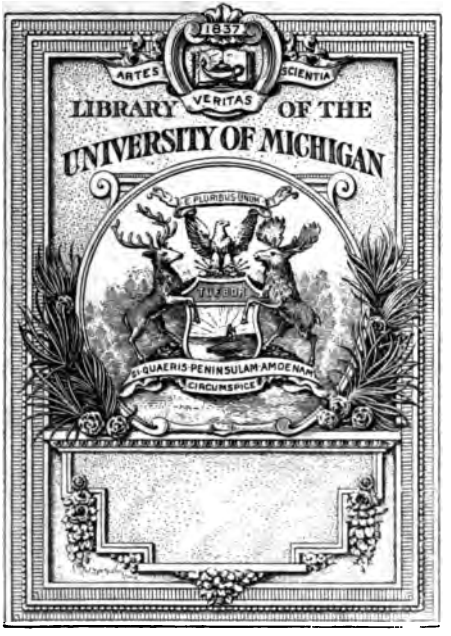
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

HALIFAX,

STEPNEY,

AND

WALSH.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF

His Moſt Sacred Majeſty King CHARLES II.

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving power, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit;
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
With mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.

With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly Hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed,
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men, that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe Sauls, whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till heaven's election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own.
And own he did——his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſt, could find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair bending head.
In conqueſts mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.

A mighty

A mighty ſeries of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, buſineſs fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſport:
Then learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did ſpring,
And the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvaſs wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy;
To every coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the miſchiefs of their ſoil.
Here in cool ſhades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their luſtre give.
In Perſian ſilks, eat Eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
We ſee all Europe toaſt, hear tempeſts roar:
Rapine, ſword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
While Charles their hoſt, like Jove from Ida, aw'd;
Us from our foes, and from ourſelves did ſhield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold Faction goodneſs could diſdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein:
In the ſtill gentle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.

Yet

Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undiſturb'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus Jove in love did Semele conſume.
As the ſtout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in ſoft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noiſy forces to the war:
But though ſo gentle ſeems his outward form,
His hidden ſtrenth out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the field,
Shewing ſtout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good man made the crowd preſume,
He ſhew'd himſelf, and did the king aſſume:
For goodneſs in exceſs may be a ſin,
Juſtice muſt tame, whom mercy cannot win.
Thus winter fixes the unſtable ſea,
And teaches reſtleſs water conſtancy,
Which under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blaſt obeys.
To bridle factions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
By eaſy methods, vanquiſh without force;
Relieve the good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.
Such is thy glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;

More

More noble than the ſpoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make war ceaſe,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace:
For proudeſt triumphs from contempt ariſe;
The vanquiſh'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
Won enſigns are the gaudy marks of ſcorn,
They brave the victor firſt, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods: while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
May boldneſs, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet paſſions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human-kind;
The god-like image, on our clay impreſt,
The darling attribute which heaven loves beſt:
In Charles ſo good a man and king, we ſee
A double image of the deity.
Oh! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our bleſſing frame!
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleaſing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames the ſupport and glory of our iſle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
Though no rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Leſs wealth his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
For he exhauſts himſelf, t'enrich the ſhores.

Mild

Mild and ſerene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging ſurges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tear,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The plowman's hopes, and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, though late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the widening ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

ODE on the Marriage of the Princeſs ANNE and Prince GEORGE of DENMARK.

I.

WHILST black deſigns (that direful work of Fate)
Diſtract the labouring ſtate;
Whilſt (like the ſea) around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhore;

And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous ſight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their chearful garb t' have ſeen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain.
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits chears; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare,
And their black force aſſociate in the air;
(Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raiſe.)

A thoughtful

And with this beauteous lady you may gain
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did ſo ſhort a while maintain.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

Occaſioned by a Poſtſcript of Penn's Letter.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to ſtrict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Though all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells advice,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewſbury and Lumley's name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke;

"Great

V.

Whatever then was his deſire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himſelf for pity prays,
His love in timorous ſighs he breathes,
While all his ſpoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquiſh'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that ſubmiſſion you'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunſden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with ſucceſs,
Too daringly upon the foe did preſs,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your ſingle arm ſupport the throne:
Your gen'rous breaſt, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their ſcatter'd troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your anceſtors in this one act out-done,
Though their ſucceſsful arms did this whole iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one ſpotleſs as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curſes as they flew;
On the bleak ſhore, expecting you, they ſtand,
And with glad ſhouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you 're forc'd to preſs your way,
While virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout, and old ones pray.

And

" Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
" And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
" But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
" That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
" They ſtop not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
" Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
" True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
" And only bound by appetite their will:
" Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
" But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
" Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your power,
" They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
" And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
" On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
" Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:
" When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And ſhook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
" Could they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
" Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign."
Thus ſpake the youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the Phoſph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid hoſt,
Than any age, or any realm can boaſt:

So great their fame, ſo numerous their train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and ſurpaſſing fame:
Riſe, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The ſtorm is paſt, th' impending tempeſt fled;
Had Fate decreed thy ruin or diſgrace,
It had not given ſuch ſons ſo brave a race;
When for deſtruction heaven a realm deſigns,
The ſymptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh minds.
Theſe men would prop a ſinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverſe ev'n fate.
Let other nations boaſt their fruitful ſoil,
Their fragrant ſpices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the mind, to arm the ſoul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a ſpeedy courage lend,
That horror cannot ſhake, or pleaſure bend;
Theſe are the Engliſh arts, theſe we profeſs,
To be the ſame in miſery and ſucceſs;
To teach oppreſſors law, aſſiſt the good,
Relieve the wretched, and ſubdue the proud.
Such are our ſouls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry prieſts the ſcale?
All merit 's light when they diſpoſe the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the ſtate;

Defame thoſe heroes who their yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that honeſty they cannot uſe;
The ſtrength and ſafety of the crown deſtroy,
And the king's power againſt himſelf employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their ſlave.
Men, like our money, come the moſt in play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe allay.
The richeſt medals, and the pureſt gold,
Of native value, and exacteſt mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt tin and copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the buſineſs of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn;
So ſhining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty actions fly the ſearching light:
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whoſe raſh misjudging ſenſe
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe dangers which the others ſhun:
Who, ſlow to act, each buſineſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with freedom, and with care obey;
With wiſdom fatal to their intereſt, ſtrive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where prieſts and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looſer rein.

AN

AN EPISTLE

TO

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

Occaſioned by his Majeſty's Victory in Ireland.

WHAT! ſhall the king the nation's genius raiſe,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorſet! you alone this fault can mend,
The Muſes' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler wit;
Oblig'd to quit your eaſe, and draw again,
To paint the greateſt hero, the beſt pen.
A hero, who thus early doth out-ſhine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whoſe actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When fate ſome mighty genius has deſign'd,
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to anſwer the intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep aſcent:

She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the ſteps of fate;
Till all the ſeeds of providence unite,
To ſet the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Naſſau's race ſhe made this long eſſay;
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A public ſpirit diſtinguiſh'd all the line,
Succeſſive virtues in each branch did ſhine,
Till this laſt glory roſe, and crown'd the great deſi
Bleſt be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durſt his native ſoil, loſt Holland, ſave!
But William's genius takes a wider ſcope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to ſubdue inſulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terror of the age;
The refuge where afflicted nations find
Relief from thoſe oppreſſors of mankind,
Whom laws reſtrain not, and no oaths can bind.
Him, their deliverer Europe does confeſs,
All tongues extol, and all religions bleſs;
The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
United in his praiſe, their wonder join;
While, in the public cauſe, he takes the field,
And ſhelter'd nations fight behind his ſhield.
His foes themſelves dare not applauſe refuſe:
And ſhall ſuch actions want a faithful Muſe?

Poets have this to boaſt; without their aid,
The freſheſt laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt honours have a narrow date,
Unleſs they vindicate their names from fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the part?
Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
Injoin'd a penance, which is too ſevere
For playing once the fool, to perſevere.
Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.
How, Sir, can you, or any Engliſh Muſe,
Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuſe?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but ſkill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot ſing of conqueſts as I ought,
And my breath fails to ſwell a lofty note.
I know my compaſs, and my Muſe's ſize,
She loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe;
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In eaſy numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual friendſhip would at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another tone and voice,
When victory 's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Aſks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raiſe,
When, cover'd o'er with comely duſt and ſmoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickeſt ſquadrons broke?

His bleeding arm, ſtill painful with the ſore,
Which, in his people's cauſe, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France and hell could ſtay.
Oh, Dorſet! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my ſtrength could anſwer my deſire,
In ſpeaking paint this figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mein;
And gods deſcending ſhould adorn the ſcene.
See, ſee! upon the banks of Boyne he ſtands,
By his own view adjuſting his commands:
Calm and ſerene the armed coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Reſolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the ſquadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their ranks to meet their king's command;
The drums and trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly noiſe
Of neighing ſteeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suſpended in attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile ſounds, and huſh the din of war:
The ſilent troops ſtretch forth an eager look,
Liſtening with joy, while thus their general ſpoke,
"Come, fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
"And fix the fate of Europe on that ſhore;
"Your courage only waits from me the word,
"But England's happineſs commands my ſword:
"In her defence I every part will bear,
"The ſoldier's danger, and the prince's care,
"And envy any arm an equal ſhare.

For

" Set all that 's dear to men before your ſight;
" For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
" To ſave your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
" Redeem your country ſold, and vindicate her name:
" At whoſe requeſt and timely call I roſe,
" To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expoſe;
" Struggled with adverſe ſtorms and winter ſeas,
" That in my labours you might find your eaſe.
" Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
" And write the empty triumphs of the war;
" In lazy palaces ſupinely ruſt;
" My ſword ſhall juſtify my people's truſt,
" For which—But I your victory delay;
" Come on; I and my genius lead the way."
He ſaid, new life and joy ran through the hoſt,
And ſenſe of danger in their wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withſtood;
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the ſwelling ocean burſts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
The roaring deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its courſe, and bears whole foreſts down;
So on the foe the firm battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot through every place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.

Stop!

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! allay that generous flar
Enough is given to England, and to fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre ſtand,
Europe's divided intereſts you command,
All their deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne deſcends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal ſtroke,
The ſcheme of all our happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Diſdaining bounds, and breaking on the ſhore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild deſtructive power,
That ſtrength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waſte, nor law, nor limits know.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince!---what, does your M
Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his conqueſts---faith, I can't:
My ſpirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Tranſported and amaz'd———
That rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic ſtrain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verſe provoking you to rhyme;
I wiſh there were more Dorſets at this time.

Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinſel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To ſteal a country, and to buy a town:
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms ſold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay
What ſums would Lewis give, that France might ſay
That victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conqueſts would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to ſpread his real fame,
Would paſs between Verſailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their ſongs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other ſound;
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream;
The wounded arm would furniſh all their rooms,
And bleed for ever ſcarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think again.

Spare your advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own deſign; the work is done.

Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the moſt glorious ſcenes ſtand undiſplay'd;
A thouſand generous actions cloſe the rear;
A thouſand virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.
The Queen herſelf, the charming Queen ſhould grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.

Who

Who can omit the Queen's auſpicious ſmile,
The pride of the fair ſex, the goddeſs of our iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the ſtate?
Diſguiſing cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleaſure in her face.
As danger did approach, her ſpirits roſe,
And, putting on the king, diſmay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, ſhe gilds the chearful court;
In every glance deſcending angels ſport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining maids, and form the dance;
The ſtately Goddeſs with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majeſtic, does the figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy meaſures round;
The ſilver arrows on her ſhoulder ſound;
She walks above them all. Such is the ſcene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter Queen.

Theſe ſubjects do, my Lord, your ſkill command,
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the ſtrokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd encomiums muſt be hid in wit,
Which modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other ſteps to ſuch a throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive, the crown.

Written

Written at ALTHROP, in a blank Leaf of WALLER's POEMS, upon ſeeing VANDYKE's Picture of the old Lady SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, ſoftneſs, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sachariſſa was his fond deſire.
Why then at Althrop ſeems her charms to faint,
In theſe ſweet numbers, and that glowing paint?
This happy ſeat a fairer miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brighteſt Sachariſſa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could ſoar;
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd piece before.

VERSES,

Written for the TOASTING-GLASSES of the KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Ducheſs of ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Albans' charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Ducheſs

Ducheſs of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful fire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire;
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms ſurprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous race,
Bleſt with your parents wit, and her firſt blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrain.

Ducheſs of RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighteſt toaſt;
Th' adorers offerings prove who 's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their force, to men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The ſtubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toaſts enrol your name.

ON THE
COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ****.

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away deſpair.
Mopſa, who in her youth was ſcarce thought fair,
In ſpite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for Charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly gooſe, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and ſo demurely gay,
Laſt night, t' adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
Her ſteps were manag'd with ſuch tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart.
In all her air, in every glance, was ſeen
A mixture ſtrange, twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding preſs;
Hambden himſelf delivers their addreſs,
Which ſhe, accepting with a nice diſdain,
Owns them her ſubjects, and begins to reign:
Fair Queen of Fopland is her royal ſtyle;
Fopland! the greateſt part of this great iſle!
Nature did ne'er ſo equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay

Prayer-

Prayer-books, patch-boxes, ſermon-notes, and paint,
At once t' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.
Farewel, friend Moll: expect no more from me;
But if you would a full deſcription ſee,
You'll find her ſomewhere in the Litany,
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocriſy.

ON ORPHEUS AND SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! ſay, by what wondrous charms,
One 'ſcap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
When the ſoft Thracian touch'd the trembling ſtrings,
The winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
And when the tawny Tuſcan rais'd her ſtrain,
Rooke furls his ſails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the office ſleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conqueſts claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her ſhrub Hedges, and tall Nottingham.

CON-

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O E M S

B Y

E O R G E S T E P N E Y, Eſq.

POEMS

BY

GEORGE STEPNEY, Eſq.

TO KING JAMES II.

Upon his Acceſſion to the THRONE.

The Author then of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

AS victors loſe the trouble they ſuſtain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
So when the Phœnix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne ſupply'd;
Your glory diſſipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Myſterious fate, whoſe one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!
May then no flight of a blaſpheming Muſe,
Thoſe wiſe reſolves of Providence accuſe,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since ſtronger Hercules ſupports the ſtate.

England no more ſhall penſive thoughts employ
On him ſhe 'as loſt; but him ſhe has, enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deſerted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Forgot her Theſeus, and embrac'd the god.

On the Univerſity of CAMBRIDGE's burning the Duke of MONMOUTH's Picture, 1685, who was formerly their Chancellor.——In Anſwer to this Queſtion,

" —— Sed quid
" Turba Remi? ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, & odit
" Damnatos ——"

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applauſe you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the ſage Vice Chancellor was ſure
The original in limbo lay ſecure,
As greaſy as himſelf he ſends a lictor
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all ſhe can
To ſave the image of the tall young man,
Which ſhe ſo oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with ſtrong thoughts ſhe might improve her race;
But all in vain, ſince the wiſe houſe conſpire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,

Left it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harveſt to renew the fight.
Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He 'll ſubſcribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuſes,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muſes;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
And ſwears he will borrow of the Provoſt more ſtuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, leſt he get all the profit t' himſelf,
Too greedy of honour, too laviſh of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble Doctor a billet.
The kindneſs was common, and ſo they'd return if,
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their ſtocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheeſe in the pariſh of Chedder;
Confuſedly crowd on the ſophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townſmen, their wives, and the proctors,
While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confuſion in bumpers of ſtale;
But Roſalin, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her abſence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not ſee his fate,
With whom ſhe 'ad danc'd a minuet ſo late.
The heads, who never could hope for ſuch frames,
Out of envy condemn'd ſixſcore pounds to the flames,

Then his air was too proud, and his features amiſs,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whoſe favour ne'er ſettles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and braſs kettles.

An EPISTLE to CHARLES MONTAGUE, E afterwards Earl of HALIFAX.

On his Majeſty's Voyage to HOLLAND.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
Art I 've either loſt, or never knew,
Pleas'd my paſt follies kindly to commend,
And fondly loſe the critick in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull inſenſibly betray'd,
I 'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to buſineſs, and averſe to rhymes,
And, to obey the man I love, in ſpite
Of the world's genius and my own, I 'll write.
But think not that I vainly do aſpire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samſon's riddle is that powerful ſong,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion ſtrong;
The colours there ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no luſtre, and they want no ſhade;
But ſhall of writing a juſt model give,
While Boyne ſhall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet ſince his every act may well infuſe
Some happy rapture in the humbleſt Muſe,
Though mine deſpairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King 's the theme, and I 've a ſubject's right.
When William's deeds, and reſcued Europe's joy
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treaſon ſure, to ſhew no zeal,
And not to write, is almoſt to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meaneſt ſon,
Who would continue what her beſt begun;
Who, leaving conqueſts and the pomp of war,
Would ſing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the ſeed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with tranſport boaſt,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor moſt:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair iſle with rival paſſion ſtrove,
How by her ſorrow ſhe expreſs'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how ſhe bleſs'd his way, yet ſigh'd, and ſaid:

Is it decreed my hero ne'er ſhall reſt,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him poſſeſs'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.

O ge-

O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffuſive goodneſs of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
Should ſinking nations ſummon you away,
Maria's love might juſtify your ſtay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your ſafety to the Gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious eaſe,
You tempt new dangers on the winter ſeas.
The Belgic ſtate has reſted long ſecure
Within the circle of thy guardian power;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in ſtrength, can range the woods alone:
When to my arms they did the Prince reſign,
I bleſs'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly ſhould obey
His ſtronger, and Maria's gentle ſway;
He fierce as thunder, ſhe as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t'other my delight:
Yet go---where honour calls the hero, go:
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harveſt to thy proſperous ſword:
Again in Crecy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:

While

While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noiſe of war,
In honourable pleaſure I poſſeſs
The ſpoils of conqueſt, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is bleſs'd,
Conſtant in toil, and ignorant of reſt,
Through different regions does his courſe purſue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleaſing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his luſtre with a milder light:
So when your beams do diſtant nations chear,
The partner of your crown ſhall mount the ſphere,
Able alone my empire to ſuſtain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign----
But why has fate maliciouſly decreed,
That greateſt bleſſings muſt by turns ſucceed?
Here ſhe relented, and would urge his ſtay
By all that fondneſs and that grief could ſay;
But ſoon did her preſaging thoughts employ
On ſcenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconſtant breaſt
Was ſwell'd with rapture, by deſpair depreſs'd,
Fate call'd; the hero muſt his way purſue,
And her cries leſſen'd as the ſhore withdrew.
The winds were ſilent, and the gentle main
Bore an auſpicious omen of his reign;
When Neptune, owning whom thoſe ſeas obey,
Nodded, and bade the chearful Tritons play.
Each choſe a different ſubject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praiſe:

Some

Some in their ſtrains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this ſtream of virtue firſt began:
Others choſe heroes of a later date,
And ſung the * founder of the neighbouring ſtate;
How daringly he tyranny withſtood,
And ſeal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illuſtrious † brethren came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the ‡ youth, whoſe pregnant hopes out-ran
The ſteps of time, and early ſhew'd the man;
For whoſe alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to ſecure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phœnix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may riſe,
So fate ordain'd the § parent ſoon ſhould ſet,
To make the glories of his heir compleat.
At William's name each fill'd his vocal ſhell,
And on the happy ſound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some ſung his birth, and how diſcerning fate
Sav'd infant virtue againſt powerful hate;
Of poiſonous ſnakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that ſpread the more, the more with-held.
Some ſung Seneffe, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himſelf a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppoſe
His country's foreign and inteſtine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows cloſe.

* William. † Maurice and Henry.
‡ William. § James II.

Others

Others ſung Perſeus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in myſterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
Deſign'd his lawful iſſue to devour;
But Jove, reſerv'd for better fate, withſtood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'T was Italy ſecur'd his frighted head,
And by his flight reſign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier ſon.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne;
How on the wondering bank the hero ſtood,
Laviſhly bold and deſperately good;
Till fate, deſigning to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can ſave,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the ſting,
Wounded the man, diſtinguiſhing the King.

They had enlarg'd, but found the ſtrain too ſtrong,
And in ſoft notes allay'd the bolder ſong:
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be ſpread;
No more may travellers deſire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten ſtream,
Be or the ſoldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters ſhall unite their fame in thee,
Loſt in thy waves, as thoſe are in the ſea.

They breath'd afreſh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick miſts long to conceal the ſhore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the ſleeping wind,
More to the ſea, than to it's maſter kind,
Detain'd a treaſure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a ſuperior genius born,
Treats chance with inſolence, and death with ſcorn:
Darkneſs and ice in vain obſtruct his way,
Holland is near, and nature muſt obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat ſecurely rode,
For Cæſar and his fortune were the load.

With eager tranſport Belgia met her ſon,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
Till, certain of her joy, ſhe bow'd her head,
Confeſs'd her Lord, bleſs'd his return, and ſaid:

If paſſion by long abſence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love;
Think on my old, my intermitted bliſs,
And by my former pleaſure meaſure this:
Nor by theſe feeble pillars which I raiſe,
Unequal to ſuſtain the hero's praiſe;
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To repreſent your glories, or my heart:
Theſe humble emblems are deſign'd to ſhow,
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a ſhort review,
How Holland's happineſs advanc'd with you;
How her ſtout veſſel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her ſtorms, while Orange was her guide.

What

What ſince has been our fate---I need not ſay,
Ill ſuiting with the bleſſings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conqueſt was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, whereſoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too ſadly underſtood
How angels have their ſpheres of doing good;
Elſe the ſame ſoul which did our troops poſſeſs,
And crown'd their daring courage with ſucceſs,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been ſtill a guiltleſs plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
Like yours ſhould be to time and place confin'd!
But thy return ſhall fix our kinder fate,
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
Diſcording Princes ſhall with thee combine,
And center all their intereſts in thine;
Proud of thy friendſhip, ſhall forego their ſway
As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft ſhall looſe, nor force ſhall cut.

ON THE LATE

HORRID CONSPIRAC

THE * youth whoſe fortune the vaſt globe obey'd
Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
And in his chariot by ‡ vile hands oppreſs'd,
With noble pity and juſt rage poſſeſs'd,
Wept at his fall from ſo ſublime a ſtate,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
Of majeſty profan'd---ſo acted too
The generous Cæſar, when the Roman knew
A § coward King had treacherouſly ſlain,
** Whom ſcarce he foil'd on the Pharſalian plain:
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the baſe author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the ſervile arts of barbarous hate:
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cauſe and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts---and if his rivals dare
Diſpute his reign by arms, he 'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the ſcale,
And lets the good, the juſt, and brave, prevail.

* Alexander. † Darius. ‡ Boſſus.
§ Ptolomy. ** Pompey.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

Upon the Death of his Son before LUXEMBURGH.

HE 's gone! and was it then by your decree,
Ye envious powers, that we ſhould only ſee
This copy of your own divinity?
Or thought ye it ſurpaſſing human ſtate,
To have a bleſſing laſting as 't was great?
Your cruel ſkill you better ne'er had ſhown,
Since you ſo ſoon deſign'd him all your own.
Such foſtering favours to the damn'd are given,
When, to increaſe their hell, you ſhow them heaven.
Was it too godlike, he ſhould long inherit
At once his father's and his uncle's ſpirit?
Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breaſt,
As the mild dame whoſe teeming womb he bleſt.
H' had all the favours Providence could give,
Except its own prerogative to live;
Reſerv'd in pleaſures, and in dangers bold,
Youthful in action, and in prudence old;
His humble greatneſs, and ſubmiſſive ſtate,
Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.
Round the wide globe ſcarce did the buſy ſun
With greater haſte and greater luſtre run.
True gallantry and grandeur he deſery'd,
From the French fopperies, and German pride.

And like th' induſtrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the ſweets which on ſweet bloſſoms grew.
Babel's confuſed ſpeeches on his tongue,
With a ſweet harmony and concord hung.
More countries than for Homer did conteſt
Do ſtrive who moſt were by his preſence bleſt.
Nor did his wiſdom damp his martial fire,
Minerva both her portions did inſpire,
Uſe of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæſar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.
If God, as Plato taught, example takes
From his own works, and ſouls by patterns makes,
Much of himſelf in him he did unfold,
And caſt them in his darling Sidney's mold,
Of too refin'd a ſubſtance to be old.
Both did alike diſdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.
Ambitiouſly did both conſpire to twiſt
Bays with the ivy, with their temples kiſt:
Scorning to wait the ſlow advance of time,
Both fell like early bloſſoms in their prime,
By blind events, and Providence's crime.
Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
Obtain'd the conqueſt, in their overthrow;
And longer life do purchaſe by their death,
In fame compleating what they want in breath.
Oh! had kind fate ſtretch'd the contracted ſpan,
To the full glories of a perfect man;

And

And, as he grew, could every rolling year
A new addition to our wonder bear,
H' had paid to his illuſtrious line that ſtock
Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.
But oh!
So haſty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
Scorning the midwifery of ripening ſhowers,
In ſpite of froſts, ſpring from th' unwilling earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth:
Abortive iſſues ſo delude the womb,
And ſcarce have being, ere they want a tomb.
Forgive, my Lord, the Muſe that does aſpire
With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
Whoſe each officious and unſkilful ſound
Can with freſh torture but enlarge the wound.
Could I, with David, curſe the guilty plain,
Where once more lov'd than Jonathan was ſlain;
Or could I flights high as his merits raiſe,
Clear as his virtue, deathleſs as his praiſe;
None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more devotion ſhould enrol his name
In the long-conſecrated liſt of fame.
But, ſince my artleſs and unhallow'd ſtrain
Will the high worth, it ſhould commend, profane;
Since I deſpair my humble verſe ſhould prove
Great as your loſs, or tender as your love;
My heart with ſighings, and with tears mine eye,
Shall the defect of written grief ſupply.

Did in their happy nuptials well agree;
Like Mars, he led our armies out; and ſhe
With ſmiles preſided o'er her native ſea.

Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came
With laurels loaden, and immortal fame;
As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms:
Then with what joy did ſhe the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
With the ſame temper as the * Latian hind
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and reſign'd;
So Pallas from the duſty field withdrew,
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Reſum'd her female arts, the ſpindle and the clew;
Forgot the ſceptre ſhe ſo well had ſway'd,
And, with that mildneſs ſhe had rul'd, obey'd;
Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
When in diſguiſe he leaves his power above,
And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the ſacred ear
Of Majeſty in grief vouchſafe to hear,
Was the lov'd conſort of thy crown and bed,
Our joy while living; our deſpair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one ſupporter fall,
Thy virtue can alone ſuſtain the ball.
Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,
The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His ſpirit doubled on his partner's head;

* Lucius Quintius.

So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both ſtreams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful ſenate with one voice combine
To breathe their ſorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counſels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vaſtneſs of thy grief they ſee,
They own 'tis juſt, and melt in tears with thee.
Bluſh not, great ſoul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they paſs unfelt away;
But raiſe a ſtorm and deluge where they ſtay.
The braveſt heroes have the ſofteſt mind,
Their nature 's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human paſſions nicely knew,
When his illuſtrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewiſe in his ſoul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguiſh too might reach his heart;
For a loſt miſtreſs, in deſpair he ſate,
And let declining Troy ſtill ſtruggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans ſlew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.
Still greater is thy loſs,——be ſuch thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may aſſwage.
She who on earth ſecur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, ſhall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly ſhield,
Unſeen protect thee in the doubtful field.

Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both eſtates with Mary ſhow;
And while above ſhe triumphs, fight below.---
'Tis done---our Monarch to the camp returns,---
The Gallic armies fly---their navy burns,
And earth and ſeas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

AT Anna's call the Auſtrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the ſouthern ſkies;
Where a raſh Prince, with an unequal ſway,
Inflames the region, and miſguides the day;
Till the uſurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

AT dead of night imperial Reaſon ſleeps,
And Fancy with her train looſe revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mix'd ſcene diſplay,
Of what we heard, or ſaw, or wiſh'd by day;
For memory thoſe images retains,
Which paſſion form'd, and ſtill the ſtrongeſt reigns.
Huntſmen renew the chace they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
Grants or diſgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miſer ſpies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit 's a knight, the ſycophant a lord.

Thus

Thus fancy's in the wild diſtraction loſt,
With what we moſt abhor, or covet moſt.
But of all paſſions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepeſt image in the ſoul;
For vigorous fancy and warm blood diſpenſe
Pleaſures ſo lively that they rival ſenſe.
Such are the tranſports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
Whom ſpies or ſome faint virtue force to fly
That ſcene of joy, which yet ſhe dies to try.
Till fancy bawds, and, by myſterious charms,
Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
Unguarded then ſhe melts, acts fierce delight,
And curſes the returns of envious light.
In ſuch bleſt dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
Which waking ſhe deteſts, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a looſe to his wild love,
And in his airy viſions cuckolds Jove.
Honours and ſtate before this phantom fall;
For ſleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S

Imitated from the FRENCH of Monſ. MAYNARD, to Cardinal RICHELIEU.

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
My muſe was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The ſports and ſmiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her ſmart concetti.

Now

II.

Now (who 'd have thought it once?) with pain
She ſtrings her harp, whilſt freezing age
But feebly runs through evry vein,
And chills my briſk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And ſoon from fate I ſhall receive
A ſummons to the ſhades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghoſts will round me come
To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
Whilſt the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retire to th' utmoſt realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With penſions every muſe inſpire;
Who Marlborough's conqueſts did purſue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But ſhould ſome drolling ſprite demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb ſhould I ſtand!
What would your Lordſhip have me ſay?

JUVENAL. SATIRE VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not conſiſt in ſtatues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He laſhes Rubellius Plancus, for being inſolent, by reaſon of his high birth; and lays down an inſtance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horſes, who are valued rather according to their perſonal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He adviſes his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the ſatire) to lead a virtuous life, diſſuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppreſſion, cruelty, and other vices, by his ſevere cenſures on Lateranus, Damaſippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in oppoſition to theſe, diſplays the worth of perſons meanly born, ſuch as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The tranſlator of this ſatire induſtriouſly avoided impoſing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes; but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who diſgraced their anceſtors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought ſome hiſtorical relations were neceſſary towards rendering thoſe inſtances more intelligible; which is all he pretends

to

to by his remarks. He would gladly have left
the heavy paſſage of the Mirmillo and Retiari
which he honeſtly confeſſes he either does not righ
underſtand, or cannot ſufficiently explain. If
has not confined himſelf to the ſtrict rules of tranſ
tion, but has frequently taken the liberty of imit
ing, paraphraſing, or reconciling the Roman cuſto
to our modern uſage; he hopes this freedom
pardonable, ſince he has not uſed it but when
found the original flat, obſcure, or defective; a
where the humour and connection of the author mig
naturally allow of ſuch a change.

WHAT 's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the ſource our antient blood?
To have our anceſtors in paint or ſtone,
Preſerv'd as relicks, or like monſters ſhewn?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldering noſe, that bears
Injurious ſcars, the ſad effects of years;
And Galba grinning without noſe or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Though plodding heralds through each branch may tr
Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family bely,
And grieve the braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.
'Tis mere burleſque, that to our Generals praiſe
Their progeny immortal ſtatues raiſe,

Y

Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And ſteal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when theſe their enſigns did diſplay.
Why ſhould ſoft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conqueſts in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's ſtrain,
Yet dares be baſe, effeminate and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater luſtre to his guilt,
Whoſe tender limbs and poliſh'd ſkin diſgrace
The griſly beauty of his manly race;
And who, by practiſing the diſmal ſkill
Of poiſoning, and ſuch treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble ſweat,
When his degenerate head by theirs is ſet.
Long galleries of anceſtors, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or eſteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Coſſus, Druſus, were;
And in thy conſular triumphal ſhow,
Let theſe before thy father's ſtatues go;
Place them before the enſigns of the ſtate,
As chooſing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you 're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you 're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me:

Rome

Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh her conqueſts on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify ſo eminent a ſon.
With your bleſt name ſhall every region ſound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her prieſts have found
A new Oſiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call thoſe noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whoſe only title to our fathers' fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant paſs;
A negro for a ſwan; a crook-back'd laſs
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the nobleſt or the fierceſt beaſt:
Be therefore careful, leſt the world in jeſt
Should thee juſt ſo with the mock titles greet,
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and cenſure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your perſon ſecond to divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the Druſian line;
Though yet you no illuſtrious act have done,
To make the world diſtinguiſh Julia's ſon
From the vile offspring of a trull, who ſits
By the town wall, and for a living knits.
" You are poor rogues (you cry) the baſer ſcum
" And inconſiderable dregs of Rome;
" Who know not from what corner of the earth
" The obſcure wretch, who got you, ſtole his birth:

" Mi

"Mine I derive from Cecrops"——May your Grace
Live and enjoy the ſplendor of your race!—
Yet of theſe baſe plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great ſenators, and honours to that gown:
Some at the bar with ſubtilty defend
The cauſe of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their ſtronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or thoſe forces join
Which garriſon the conqueſts near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you reſemble your great family
No more, than thoſe rough ſtatues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that God:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living ſtatue, that of ſtone.
Great Son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beaſt
For being of a race above the reſt,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an inſtance---We commend a horſe
(Without regard of paſture or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his ſpeed;
Who wins moſt plates with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his hoofs his conqueſts on the duſt.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at laſt
Prove jaded, and in frequent matches caſt,
No favour for the ſtallion we retain,
And no reſpect for the degenerate ſtrain;

The

The worthleſs brute is from New-Market brought,
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.
That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
Firſt, Sir, ſome honour of your own acquire;
Add to that ſtock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe bleſt ſhades to whom you all things owe.
This may ſuffice the haughty youth to ſhame,
Whoſe ſwelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burſt almoſt with the vanity and pride
That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour's likely; for "We ſeldom find
"Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd."
But Ponticus, I would not you ſhould raiſe
Your credit by hereditary praiſe;
Let your own acts immortaliſe your name;
"'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm ſhe lov'd.
Be a good ſoldier, or upright truſtee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.
And if a witneſs in a doubtful cauſe,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he 'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo profligate, but rather chuſe
To guard your honour, and your life to loſe,

Rather

her than let your virtue be betray'd;
:ue the nobleſt cauſe for which you 're made.
Improperly we meaſure life by breath;
uch do not truly live who merit death;"
›ugh they their wanton ſenſes nicely pleaſe
:h all the charms of luxury and eaſe;
›ugh mingled flowers adorn their careleſs brow,
l round them coſtly ſweets neglected flow,
f they in their funeral ſtate were laid,
l to the world, as they 're to virtue, dead.
hen you the province you expect, obtain,
n paſſion and from avarice refrain;
our aſſociates poverty provoke
generous heart not to increaſe their yoke,
e riches cannot reſcue from the grave,
ch claims alike the monarch and the ſlave.
o what the laws enjoin, ſubmiſſion pay;
what the Senate ſhall command, obey.
ık what rewards upon the good attend,
how thoſe fall unpitied who offend:
›r and Capito may warnings be,
› felt the thunder of the States decree,
robbing the Cecilians, though they
e leſſer pikes) only ſubſiſt on prey.
what avails the rigour of their doom?
ch cannot future violence o'ercome,
give the miſerable province eaſe,
: what one plunderer left, the next will ſeize.
ıerippus then, in time yourſelf bethink,
what your rags will yield by auction, ſink;

Ne'er put yourſelf to charges to complain
Of wrong which heretofore you did ſuſtain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
'Tis mad to laviſh what their rapine left.
When Rome at firſt our rich allies ſubdued,
From gentle taxes noble ſpoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppreſt,
Thought the loſs trivial, and enjoy'd the reſt.
All treaſuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe coſtly ſilks were found;
The leaſt apartment of the meaneſt houſe
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhaſius did receive
Motion and warmth; and ſtatues taught to live;
Some Polyclete's, ſome Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' maſter-piece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard ſtand,
Emboſs'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like theſe oppreſſors might invite,
Theſe Dolabella's rapine did excite,
Theſe Antony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for theſe did ſacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ſhips full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treaſure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.
This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or ſome few mares reſerv'd alone for breed;
Yet left this provident deſign ſucceed,

They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both ſtallion and his paſture prey.
Their rapine is ſo abject and prophane,
They not from trifles nor from Gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches ſeize,
If they be little images that pleaſe.
Such are the ſpoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greateſt, nay, they 're all that 's left.
Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppreſs,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redreſs:
For how can fops thy tyranny control,
" Smooth limbs are ſymptoms of a ſervile ſoul."
But treſpaſs not too far on ſturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from thoſe reſtrain,
Who with their ſweat Rome's luxury maintain,
And ſend us plenty, while our wanton day
Is laviſh'd at the Circus, or the play.
For, ſhould you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already ſeiz'd
All that from ſun-burnt Afric can be ſqueez'd.
But, above all, " Be careful to with-hold
" Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
" Tempt not the brave and needy to deſpair;
" For, though your violence ſhould leave them bare
" Of gold and ſilver, ſwords and darts remain,
" And will revenge the wrongs which they ſuſtain;
" The plunder'd ſtill have arms ——."
Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;

No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and ſure, as the decrees of fate.
Let none but men of honour you attend;
Chooſe him that has moſt virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To ſell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from ſtrolling up and down,
To all aſſizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your juſtice and your fame will pay).
Keep yourſelf free from ſcandals ſuch as theſe;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you pleaſe:
If he 's too modern, and your pride aſpire
To ſeek the author of your being higher,
Chooſe any Titan who the Gods withſtood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other ſtory you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.
But ſhould you prove ambitious, luſtful, vain;
Or could you ſee with pleaſure and diſdain,
Rods broke on out aſſociates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax;
Your father's glory will your ſin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expoſe your ſhame;
" For ſtill more public ſcandal vice extends,
" As he is great and noble who offends."
How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet bluſh not when you go to forge a deed,

In the ſame temple which your grandſire built;
Making his ſtatue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy maſquerade are led
Muffled by night to ſome polluted bed.
Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers peaceful aſhes ſleep;
Driving himſelf a chariot down the hill,
And (though a conſul) links himſelf the wheel:
To do him juſtice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon ſees, and every ſmaller light
Pries as a witneſs of the ſhameful ſight.
Nay when his year of honour 's ended, ſoon
He 'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon:
Nor bluſh ſhould he ſome grave aquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beaſts are weary grown,
He 'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
He at Jove's altar would a victim ſlay,
To no clean goddeſs he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona moſt devoutly ſwears,
Or ſome rank deity, whoſe filthy face
We ſuitably o'er ſtinking ſtables place.
When he has run his length, and does begin
To ſteer his courſe directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night),
A greaſy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Preſents him eſſence, while his courteous hoſt
(Well knowing nothing by good-breeding 's loſt)

Tags ev'ry ſentence with ſome fawning word,
Such as "My King, My Prince," at leaſt "My Lo
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can aſk,
Gueſſes his meaning, and unoils the flaſk.
Some, friends to vice, induſtrioufly defend
Theſe innocent diverſions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that when young we did the ſame.
I grant we did, yet when that age was paſt,
The frolic humour did no longer laſt;
We did not cheriſh and indulge the crime:
What 's foul in acting, ſhould be left in time.
'Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with childhood en
We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And ſpare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.
But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæſar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whoſe doors are ſet
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let.
Should any deſperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the ſtate,
Cæſar, ſend quickly to ſecure the port;
"But where's the general? where does he reſort?
Send to the ſutler's; there y' are ſure to find
The bully match'd with raſcals of his kind,

Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and ſailors;
Rooks, common ſoldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors;
With Cybele's prieſts, who, weary'd with proceſſions,
Drink there, and ſleep with knaves of all profeſſions,
A friendly gang! each equal to the beſt;
And all, who can, have liberty to jeſt:
One flaggon walks the round, that none ſhould think
They either change, or ſtint him of his drink:
And, leſt exceptions may for place be found,
Their ſtools are all alike, their table round.
What think you, Ponticus, yourſelf might do,
Should any ſlave ſo lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you 'd ſend the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we eſteem in coblers baſe,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.
Shameful are theſe examples, yet we find
(To Rome's diſgrace) far worſe than theſe behind;
Poor Damaſippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and ſix about the town,
Is forc'd to make the ſtage his laſt retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he muſt (ſince his eſtate is loſt)
Or repreſent, or be himſelf, a ghoſt:
And Lentulus acts hanging with ſuch art,
Were I a judge, he ſhould not feign the part.

Nor would I their vile inſolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diverſion, ſit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble ſport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expoſe,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their ſhows.
Yet ſay, the ſtage and liſts were both in ſight,
And you muſt either chooſe to act, or fight;
Death never ſure bears ſuch a ghaſtly ſhape,
That a rank coward baſely would eſcape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monſtrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king:
After ſuch pranks, the world itſelf at beſt
May be imagin'd nothing but a jeſt.
Go to the liſts where feats of arms are ſhown,
There you 'll find Gracchus (from patrician) grown
A fencer and the ſcandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modeſt helmet he diſdains to wear;
As Retiarius he attacks his foe;
Firſt waves his trident ready for the throw,

Next caſts his net, but neither level'd right,
He ſtares about expos'd to public fight,
Then places all his ſafety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband ſhew his quality.
Thus when at laſt the brave Mirmillio knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did purſue,
To conquer ſuch a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.
Had we the freedom to expreſs our mind,
There 's not a wretch ſo much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whoſe tyranny he fell:
To expiate whoſe complicated guilt,
With ſome proportion to the blood he ſpilt,
Rome ſhould more ſerpents, apes, and ſacks provide,
Than one for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Oreſtes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cauſe, there 's difference in the fact:
He ſlew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him ſtrike, and did direct his hand;
To puniſh falſhood, and appeaſe the ghoſt
Of his poor father treacherouſly loſt,
Juſt in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his chearful ſoul.
Yet kill'd he not his ſiſter, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Oreſtes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or ſung upon a public ſtage;

Never

Never on verſe did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid ſcene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raiſe his fancy higher,
And finiſh the great work, ſet Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treaſon juſt, and might compel
Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
For what could Nero's ſelf have acted worſe
To aggravate the wretched nation's curſe?
  Theſe are the bleſt endowments, ſtudies, arts,
Which exerciſe our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolicks with his roving genius ſuit,
On foreign theatres to proſtitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parſley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find ſome place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's ſtatues ſhall be laid
The habit and the maſk in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyeſtes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar ſhall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman ſung.
  Who, Catiline, can boaſt a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conſpire
To ſet your houſes and our gods on fire
(An enterprize which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not ſons of Rome,

To recompenſe whoſe barbarous intent
Pitch'd ſhirts would be too mild a puniſhment):
But Tully, our wiſe conſul, watch'd the blow,
With care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble mushroom, ſcarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Theſſaly, diſcolour'd by the ſlain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.
Marius (another conſul we admire)
In the ſame village born, firſt plow'd for hire;
His next advance was to the ſoldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the ſpade,
His ſurly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tottering ſtate,
Withſtood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a goodly banquet knew)
Only a ſecond laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He ſhar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.

From

From a mean ſtock the pious Decii came,
Small their eſtates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet ſuch their viriues, that their loſs alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the hoſt they ſav'd.
The laſt good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he thoſe robes of empire juſtly bore,
Which Romulus, our ſacred founder, wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well poſſeſt the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himſelf a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud ſucceſſor, was quell'd,
And with him Luſt and Tyranny expell'd,
The conſuls ſons (who, for their country's good,
And to inhance the honour of their blood,
Should have aſſerted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wiſh'd his own;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their baniſh'd king, and arbitrary power:
Whilſt a poor ſlave, with ſcarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills theſe well-born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treaſon juſtly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have ſtrength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to ſuſtain a ten years war;

Though

Though foul Therſites got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from ſome hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.
Boaſt then your blood, and your long lineage ſtretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You 'll find, in theſe hereditary tales,
Your anceſtors the ſcum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient ſource,
But a poor ſhepherd's boy, or ſomething worſe.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR Molly, why ſo oft in tears?
Why all theſe jealouſies and fears.
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy cloſet ſhall be ſtor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like ſuch plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he ſighs
For thee in louſy cabin:
And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
"'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee riſe"——
He will not let the drab in.

III. But

III.

But ſhe, the cunning'ſt jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By ſharing female bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he ſhall be dubb'd a knight,
When ſhe is made a counteſs.

IV.

Then tells of ſmooth young pages whipp'd,
Caſhier'd, and of their liveries ſtripp'd;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With links, becauſe they would not drudge
To ſave their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all ſuch love-adventures:
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Chriſtian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly:
And many a nymph attack'd with ſighs,
And ſoft impertinence and noiſe,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous ſerenade,
  Soon from the window rate him:
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to ſcale
  Diſcharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

VERSES immortal as my bays I ſing,
  When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
When by ſtrange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleaſing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
  (For none e'er had the ſacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
  Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath ſtill this praiſe, that none preſume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or ſoar too high.
    Still does Steſichorus's tongue
    Sing ſweeter than the bird which on it hung.
    Anacreon n'er too old can grow,
    Love from every verſe does flow;
  Still Sappho's ſtrings do ſeem to move,
  Inſtructing all her ſex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did enſnare;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to deſire.
Not only ſkilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A ſubject fit for laſting poetry?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to ſave others lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he ſo brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering ſtate?
No; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As ſilent as their grave,
Becauſe no charitable poet gave
Their well-deſerved immortality.

III.

Virtue with ſloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.
But I will lay my muſic by,
And bid the mournful ſtrings in ſilence lie;
Unleſs my ſongs begin and end with you,
To whom my ſtrings, to whom my ſongs, are due.
No pride does with your riſing honours grow,
You meekly look on ſuppliant crowds below.

Should

Should fortune change your happy ſtate,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbias'd ſcale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honeſty deſpiſe
What all the meaner world ſo dearly prize:
Nor does your virtue diſappear,
With the ſmall circle of one ſhort-liv'd year:
Others, like comets, viſit and away;
Your luſtre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the conſtant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarouſly call thoſe bleſt,
Who are of largeſt tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling coffers break their owner's reſt.
More truly happy thoſe, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;
Bridle their paſſions and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who ſpend their treaſure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven;
Who, in a fixt unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate;
Who poiſon leſs than falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And ſeal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION of the following VERSE fro
LUCAN.

"Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni."

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They chooſe the conquering, he the conquer'd ſide.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praiſe or blame;
As whimſies guide the goſſip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow ſhe crowns,
For naval ſpoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her ſpite ſhe rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her viſits can ſhe ſpare
The reputation of the fair.
For inſtance:—Chloe's bloom did boaſt
A while to be the reigning toaſt;
Lean hectic ſparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer-glaſſes pledg'd to Chloe:
What fops of figure did ſhe bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While nymphs of quality look ſullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.

Blef

Bleſt charmer ſhe, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miſs's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots ſhe ſpy'd
Lilies and roſes, that defy'd
The froſt of age, with certain pickles
They call—Coſmetics for the freckles:
Away ſhe flew with what ſhe wanted,
And told at Court that Chloé painted.
" Then who'd on Common Fame rely,
" Whoſe chief employment's to decry?
" A cogging, fickle, jilting female,
" As ever ply'd at ſix in the Mall;
" The father of all fibs begat her
" On ſome old newſman's fuſty daughter."
O Captain! Taiſez-vous---'twere hard
Her novels ne'er ſhould have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will diſbelieve.
When Phœbus ſent her to recite
The praiſes of the moſt polite,
Whoſe ſcenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the Britiſh ſtage;
Then ſhe, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakeſpeare join'd;
And, ſpeaking as the God directed,
The praiſe ſhe gave was unſuſpected.

THE SPELL.

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cries,
Ye powers that o'er the nooſe preſide!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me ſtill a rover live:
But if all theſe no nymph can ſhare,
And I'm predeſtin'd to the ſnare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.
Thus pray'd the ſwain in heat of blood,
Whilſt Cupid at his elbow ſtood;
And twitching him, ſaid, Youth, be wiſe,
Aſk not impoſſibilities:
A faultleſs make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court ſome bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliſs, and will not cloy.
But truſt me, youth, for I'm ſincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
Howe'er ſmall poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and ſong, and ſonnet,
Their beauty 's but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th' inchanted ring;
Ere the ſack poſſet is digeſted,
Or half of Hymen's taper waſted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,

From which you fragrant kiſſes ſtole,
And ſeem to ſuck her ſpringing ſoul.---
Theſe, and the reſt, you doted on,
Are nauſeous or inſipid grown;
The SPELL diſſolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sachariſſa turns to Joan.

ELEGY
UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.
FROM OVID.

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with conſtant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her ſon's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To ſwell with tears the waves, with ſighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals' ſorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now looſe your treſſes, penſive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now deſpairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts;
Eaſes his uſeleſs bows from idle ſtrings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, reſt,
And wounds with furious hands his penſive breaſt.

Thoſe graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling ſnow,
Forget their beauty, and in diſcord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loſs the boy did move;
Like paſſions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddeſs more,
More ſwells her eyes, than when the ſavage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.
Poets large ſouls heaven's nobleſt ſtamps do bear
(Poets, the watchful angels darling care):
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without reſpect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muſes' queen, could give
Their ſon, their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' ſkill,
Tam'd wondering beaſts, and Death's more cruel w
Linus' ſad ſtrings on the dumb lute do lie,
In ſilence forc'd to let their maſter die.
Homer (the ſpring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in ſweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame,
His works alone ſurvive the envious flame.
In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs victims prodigally pay,
Worſhip their ſleeping deities: yet Death
Scorns votaries, and ſtops the praying breath.
To hallow'd ſhrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantic poet, with deluſions fed,
Think laurels guard your conſecrated head,
Now the ſweet maſter of your art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow ſpan
Can meaſure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold raſh flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on temples, and their gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair ev'n in ſuch ſorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.
His mother weeping does his eye-lids cloſe,
And on his urn tears, her laſt gift, beſtows.
His ſiſter too, with hair diſhevel'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
With thoſe, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd aſhes kiſs,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliſs.
Thus Delia ſpoke (when ſighs no more could laſt)
Renewing by remembrance pleaſures paſt;
"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
"I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
"I entertain'd his hot, his firſt deſire,
"And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
To her then Nemeſis (when groans gave leave),
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
"Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
"About my neck his dying arms did twine;

" I ſnatch'd his ſoul, which true to me did prove
" Age ended yours, death only ſtopp'd my love."
If any poor remains ſurvive the flames,
Except thin ſhadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elyſium ſhall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a ſecond death ſhould croſs his love.
There ſhall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our poet's bleſt companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my ſtrict commands,
Guard thy great charge from ſacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſy as his Muſe.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Engliſhed from a Greek Idyllium.

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fix'd above
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy diſtinguiſh'd ray,
Doſt other lights as far out-ſhine
As Cynthia's ſilver glories thine;
Known by ſuperior beauty there,
As much as Paſtorella here.

Exert, bright ſtar, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the duſky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vaniſh'd ſoon.
I would not rob the ſhepherd's fold;
I ſeek no miſer's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to ſtray,
Who lately ſtole my heart away.

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POEMS

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

PREFACE.

IT has been ſo uſual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him ſome account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greateſt part of this collection conſiſts of amorous verſes. Thoſe who are converſant with the writings of the ancients, will obſerve a great difference between what they and the moderns have publiſhed upon this ſubject. The occaſions upon which the poems of the former are written, are ſuch as happen to every man almoſt that is in love; and the thoughts ſuch, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have ſought out for occaſions that none meet with but themſelves; and fill their verſes with thoughts that are ſurprizing and glittering, but not tender, paſſionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of theſe two are in the right; we ought to conſider the end that people propoſe in writing love verſes: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their miſtreſs; and the beſt way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched ſimilies, and ſhining points; but by a true and lively repreſentation of the pains and thoughts attending ſuch a paſſion.

" —— Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
" Primum ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent."

I would as ſoon believe a widow in great grief for her huſband, becauſe I ſaw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his miſtreſs for his writing ſuch verſes as ſome great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am ſatisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their miſtreſſes while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forſwear them; but I confeſs I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in tranſports of jealouſy, to treat his miſtreſs with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuſe himſelf with ſuch trifles as the other. I am pleaſed with Tibullus, when he ſays, he could live in a deſart with his miſtreſs where never any human foot-ſteps appeared, becauſe I doubt not but he really thinks what he ſays: but I confeſs I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other ſuſtenance than his miſtreſs's looks. I can very eaſily believe a man may love a woman ſo well as to deſire no company but hers; but I can never believe a man can love a woman ſo well as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The firſt is a thought ſo natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the ſame thing; the other is not

not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impoſe upon us with a pretended love (and that indeed very groſsly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endleſs to purſue this point; and any man who will but give himſelf the trouble to compare what the antients and moderns have ſaid upon the ſame occaſions, will ſoon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have choſen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the moſt famous of all the moderns who have written love-verſes: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this falſe ſort of wit in the world: for people, ſeeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have ſatisfied themſelves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have ſucceeded better in love-verſes than the Engliſh; and it is indeed juſt that the faireſt ladies ſhould inſpire the beſt poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or ſprightly than thoſe of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be obſerved, that among all theſe, that ſoftneſs, tenderneſs, and violence of paſſion, which the ancients thought moſt proper for love-verſes, is wanting: and at the ſame

time that we muſt allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have handſomer women than we have, ſhould nevertheleſs be ſo much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reaſon of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man muſt be imprudent indeed to let his paſſion take very deep root, when he has no reaſon to expect any ſort of return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleaſed ſometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verſe. I do not mean that they ſhould confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the ſame foot with other people: and if they pleaſe now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three ſorts of poems that are proper for love: paſtorals, elegies, and lyric verſes; under which laſt, I comprehend all ſongs, odes, ſonnets, madrigals, and ſtanzas. Of all theſe, paſtoral is the loweſt, and, upon that account, perhaps moſt proper for love; ſince it is the nature of that paſſion, to render the ſoul ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the deſigns, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference

e between the verſes of paſtoral and elegy in the
n languages, yet the numbers of the firſt ought
ooſer and not ſo ſonorous as the other; the thoughts
imple, more eaſy, and more humble. The de-
ught to be the repreſenting the life of a ſhepherd,
ly by talking of ſheep and fields, but by ſhowing
truth, ſincerity, and innocence, that accompanies
ort of life: for though I know our maſters,
ritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in
oint of innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis,
; made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his
s, placed his paſſion upon a boy; yet (if we may
owed to cenſure thoſe whom we muſt always
ace) I take both thoſe things to be faults in their
, and ſhould have been better pleaſed with the
s if it had been made to a woman; and with the
iis, if he had made his ſhepherds more modeſt.
I give humility and modeſty as the character of
l, it is not, however, but that a ſhepherd may
owed to boaſt of his pipe, his ſongs, his flocks,
ſhew a contempt of his rival, as we ſee both
ritus and Virgil do. But this muſt be ſtill in
manner as if the occaſion offered itſelf, and was
ught, and proceeded rather from the violence of
pherd's paſſion, than any natural pride or malice
n.

ere ought to be the ſame difference obſerved be-
paſtorals and elegies as between the life of the
y and the court. In the firſt, love ought to be
nted as among ſhepherds, in the other as among

gentlemen. They ought to be ſmooth, clear, tender, and paſſionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in paſtoral. The paſſions they repreſent, either more gallant or more violent, and leſs innocent than the others. The ſubjects of them, prayers, praiſes, expoſtulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatnings, jealouſies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyricks may be allowed to handle all the ſame ſubjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be ſo entirely one thing, and every verſe ought ſo to depend upon the other, that they ſhould not be able to ſubſiſt alone; or, to make uſe of the words of a * great modern critic, there muſt be

" —— a juſt coherence made
" Between each thought, and the whole model laid,
" So right, that every ſtep may higher riſe,
" Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies."

Lyricks, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may conſiſt of parts that are entire of themſelves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every ſtanza ought to make up a complete ſenſe without running into the other. Frequent ſentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Beſides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the ſtanzas of ſix lines, to make a pauſe at the third; and in thoſe of

* Lord Mulgrave.

ten

ten lines, at the third and the ſeventh. And it muſt be confeſt that this exactneſs renders them much more muſical and harmonious; though they have not always been ſo religious in obſerving the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very fooliſh deſign: thoſe who are critics, it would be a preſumption in me to pretend I could inſtruct; and to inſtruct thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write myſelf, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's ſimile) like ſelling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence ſhewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, becauſe they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not ſuppoſed to be very old; and all young people, eſpecially of the fair ſex, are more taken with the livelineſs of fancy, than the correctneſs of judgment. It may be alſo obſerved, that to write of love well, a man muſt be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he muſt be out of love again. I am well enough ſatisfied I may be in circumſtances of writing of love, but I am almoſt in deſpair of ever being in circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reaſon for the fair and the young to paſs over ſome of the faults; and as for the grave and wiſe, all the favour I ſhall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verſes work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himſelf with what the critics ſay of them: and if they do not, all

the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living who are able to write better on all ſubjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldneſs to ſay, that there is no one man among them all who ſhall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do juſtice to the merits of other people.

POEMS

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WALSH, Eſq.

TO HIS BOOK.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Thoſe who love's dear deluding pains have known
May in my fatal ſtories read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, ſhun my fate.
While with calm joy, ſafe landed on the coaſt,
I view the waves on which I once was toſt.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Uſpicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be beſt
To chace the fatal poiſon from our breaſt?
But, ſince ſo few can live from paſſion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,

Who with ſuch lucky ſtars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded paſſions quickly wear away;
What 's built upon eſteem can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curſe his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud Lawyer break his brains, and be
A ſlave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
Let the rough Soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expoſe:
I wage no war, I plead no cauſe, but Love's;
I fear no ſtorms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave cenſor can my choice deſpiſe?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The Merchant, after all his hazards paſt,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at laſt;
The Soldier high in his king's favour ſtands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands;
The Lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar:
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what ſtrange raptures would my ſoul be bleſt,
Were but her book an emblem of her breaſt!
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the ſtead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me!

ELEGY.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHILE thoſe bright eyes ſubdue where-e'er you will,
And, as you pleaſe, can either ſave or kill;
What youth ſo bold the conqueſt to deſign?
What wealth ſo great to purchaſe hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that privilege can claim,
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life muſt end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:

Verſe can give fame, can fading beauties ſave,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verſe, through diſtant times they come,
Preſerv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an Eaſtern throne,
Reſtrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they pleaſe, give infamy or fame.
In vain the * Tyrian Queen reſigns her life,
For the bright glory of a ſpotleſs wife,
If lying bards may falſe amours rehearſe,
And blaſt her name with arbitrary verſe;
While † one, who all the abſence of her lord
Had her wide courts with preſſing lovers ſtor'd,
Yet, by a Poet grac'd, in deathleſs rhymes,
Stands a chaſte pattern to ſucceeding times.
With pity then the Muſes' friends ſurvey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wiſely like ſeed on fruitful ſoil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the ſun, that in the marſhes breeds
Nothing but nauſeous and unwholſome weeds,
With the ſame rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleaſant flowers and uſeful fruits gives birth:
So favours caſt on fools get only ſhame,
On Poets ſhed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breaſts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muſes can inſpire.

* Dido. † Penelope.

JEALOUSY

JEALOUSY.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more bleſt could live,
Than they whom kind, whom amorous paſſions move?
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the ſoft chains, the ſlavery of Love?
Were not the bliſs too often croſt
By that unhappy, vile diſtruſt,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous malady,
That terrible tormenting rage, that madneſs, Jealouſy.

II.

In vain Celinda boaſts ſhe has been true,
In vain ſhe ſwears ſhe keeps untouch'd her charms;
Dire Jealouſy does all my pains renew,
And repreſents her in my rival's arms:
His ſighs I hear, his looks I view,
I ſee her damn'd advances too;
I ſee her ſmile, I ſee her kiſs; and, oh! methinks I ſee
Her give up all thoſe joys to him, ſhe ſhould reſerve for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one! canſt thou hear my groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe tears that fill my eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms reſign my prize?

If merit could not gain your love,
My ſufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies, more
New pangs to one whom hopeleſs love had plagued too much before.

IV.

Think not, falſe nymph, my fury to out-ſtorm;
I ſcorn your anger, and deſpiſe your frown:
Dreſs up your rage in its moſt hideous form,
It will not move my heart when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindneſs fly,
My vengeance you ſhall ſatisfy:
The Muſe, that would have ſung your praiſe, ſhall now aloud proclaim
To the malicious, ſpiteful world, your infamy and ſhame.

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling ſhower!
See how her eyes are quite diſſolv'd in tears!
Can ſhe in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas Pity ſure that made it flow:
For the ſame pity, ſtop it now;
For every charming, heavenly drop that from thoſe eyes does part,
Is paid with ſtreams of blood, that guſh from my o'er-flowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my paſſions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of penitence appear. I'll

I'll frame excuſes for your fault,
Think you ſurpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at leaſt you wiſh'd, me in the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in thoſe arms,
And on that boſom lull aſleep my cares:
Forgive thoſe fooliſh fears of fancy'd harms
That ſtab my ſoul, while they but move thy tears;
And think, unleſs I lov'd thee ſtill,
I had not treated thee ſo ill;
For theſe rude pangs of jealouſy are much more certain ſigns
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more;
Oh ſmile, and grant one reconciling kiſs!
Ye Gods, ſhe's kind! I'm ecſtacy all o'er!
My ſoul 's too narrow to contain the bliſs.
Thou pleaſing torture of my breaſt,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my reſt,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my peace deſtroy;
That kills me with exceſs of grief, this with exceſs of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on ſome fair-one's charms,
They think ſhe yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if ſharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their ſtormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover when his breaſt
By jealous phrenzy is poſſeſt;
Forſwears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet ſtraight to her whom he forſwears returns.

But when the fair reſolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;
The cloud of Jealouſy 's diſpell'd,
And the bright ſun of innocence reveal'd.

With what ſtrange raptures is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Though hard the torment 's to endure,
Who would not have the ſickneſs for the cure?

SONNET.

SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our care?
After a life in pain and ſorrow paſt,
After deluding hope and dire deſpair,
Death only gives us quiet at the laſt.

How ſtrangely are our love and hate miſplac'd!
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting thoſe tyrant-ſins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free.

'Tis not a fooliſh fear of future pains,
(Why ſhould they fear who keep their ſouls from ſtains?)
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to ſee:
'Tis not the loſs of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleaſures name;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the loſing thee.

ELEGY.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer paſs,
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vaſt bliſs for which I figh in vain.

Him,

Him, him you love, to me you uſe your art;
I had your looks, another had your heart:
To me you 're ſick, to me of ſpies afraid;
He finds your ſickneſs gone, your ſpies betray'd:
I ſigh beneath your window all the night;
He in your arms poſſeſſes the delight.
I know you treat me thus, falſe fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worſe, he knows it too
To him my ſighs are told, my letters ſhown,
And all my pains are his diverſion grown.
Yet, ſince you could ſuch horrid treaſons act,
I'm pleas'd you choſe out him to do the fact:
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falſehood known.
What ſhall I do! for, treated at this rate,
I muſt not love, and yet I cannot hate:
I hate the actions, but I love the face;
Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty leſs!
I'm all confuſion, and my ſoul 's on fire,
Torn by contending reaſon and deſire;
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
One counſels beſt, the other pleaſes more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canſt thou, mean wretch! canſt thou contented pro
With the cold relicks of a rival's love?
Why did I ſee that face to charm my breaſt?
Or, having ſeen, why did I know the reſt?
Gods! if I have obey'd your juſt commands,
If I've deſerv'd ſome favour of your hands;

Maka me that tame, that eaſy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
And you, falſe fair! for whom ſo oft I 've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forſwear yourſelf for one who dies for you.
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But ſcandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
By a vain wretch, neglected and deſpis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat.
And thou, bold man, who think'ſt to rival me,
For thy preſumption I could pardon thee;
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms:
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boaſts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does diſturb my reſt?
What hell is this within my breaſt?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I ſee Celinda's cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all men but me;
I ſee her falſehood, ſee her pride,
I ſee ten thouſand faults beſide;
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that 's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her ſtill.

Others

Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot ſhun:
I ſee my danger, ſee my ruin;
Yet ſeek, yet court, my own undoing:
And each new reaſon I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I ſee the bright nymph who my heart does enthral,
When I view her ſoft eyes, and her languiſhing air,
Her merit ſo great, my own merit ſo ſmall,
It makes me adore, and it makes me deſpair.

But when I conſider, ſhe ſquanders on fools
All thoſe treaſures of beauty with which ſhe is ſtor'd;
My fancy it damps, my paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

Thus ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe:
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem:
The paſſion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals deſtroy when I look upon them.

How wiſely does Nature things ſo different unite?
In ſuch odd compoſitions our ſafety is found;
As the blood of a ſcorpion's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent;
The offering all your ſtore,
Is now but like a pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my court I made;
But when your falſehoods plain appear,
My love no longer ſtay'd.

Your bounty of thoſe favours ſhown,
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

Oh, ſince the thing we beg 's a toy
That 's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye ſighs! be gone, ye tears!
Begone, ye jealouſies and fears!
Celinda ſwears ſhe never lov'd,
Celinda ſwears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a ſenſeleſs rival ſwore
She ſaid as much to him before?
What though I ſaw him in her bed?
I 'll truſt not what I ſaw, but what ſhe ſaid.
Curſe on the prudent and the wiſe,
Who ne'er believe ſuch pleaſing lies:
I grant ſhe only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vaſt pleaſures gain,
While you with all your wiſdom live in pain.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyſelf, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her firſt, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came

To the cold relicks of a feaſt,
When he at firſt had ſeiz'd the beſt.

LOVER.

When he, dull ſot, had ſeiz'd the worſe,
I came in at the ſecond courſe;
'Tis chance that firſt makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you ſay, firſt charm'd her eyes;
Firſt, ſhe lov'd babies and dirt-pies;
But ſhe grew wiſer, and in time
Found out the folly of thoſe toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wiſdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits.
But wiſdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you, no man can foreſee his doom;
But ſhall I grieve becauſe an ill may come?
Yet I 'll allow her change, when ſhe can ſee
A man deſerves her more than me,
As much as I deſerve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes ſee our deſert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh! they ſee not with their own,
All things to them are through falſe optics ſhewn.
Love at the firſt does all your charms increaſe,
When the tube 's turn'd, hate repreſents them leſs.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er ceaſe loving me; or if ſhe do,
'Tis ten to one I ceaſe to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, ſaid old Lyce, ſenſeleſs lover, go,
And with ſoft verſes court the fair; but
With all thy verſes, thou canſt get no more
Than fools without one verſe have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
And that which moſt enrag'd me was, 'twas tr

THE FAIR MOURNER

IN what ſad pomp the mournful charmer lies
Does ſhe lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would ſhe hearts with ſoft compaſſion move,
To make them take the deeper ſtamp of love?
What youth ſo wiſe, ſo wary to eſcape,
When Rigour comes, dreſt up in Pity's ſhape?
Let not in vain thoſe precious tears be ſhed,
Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
While you unjuſtly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentleſs judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but ceaſe your ow

While raging paſſion both our ſouls does wound,
A ſovereign balm might ſure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitleſs tears away,
And with a juſt compaſſion mine ſurvey.

EPIGRAM.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

THOU ſaidſt that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldſt abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my ſcorn:
See what thy falſehood gets; I muſt confeſs
I love thee more, but I eſteem thee leſs.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love 's like a torch, which, if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer laſts:
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

IN IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

IS there a pious pleaſure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean ſordid actions we deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrſis, thou haſt ſure bleſſings laid in ſtore,
From thy juſt dealing in this curſt amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be ſhown,
Which to the fair thou haſt not ſaid and done?
On her falſe heart they all are thrown away;
She only ſwears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows ſhe broke,
Free my juſt ſoul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg ſhe may grow chaſte,
Or with an equal paſſion burn at laſt;
The one ſhe cannot practiſe, though ſhe would;
And I contemn the other, though ſhe ſhould:
Nor aſk I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis puniſhment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balſam for my bleeding breaſt,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours reſt.

ELEGY,

UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong:
Yet if there be a power in verſe to ſlack
Thy courſe in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
I'll undertake the taſk, howe'er ſo hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within thoſe arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee juſt,
When ſuch known falſehoods have deſtroy'd all truſt?

Farewel, falſe fair! nor ſhall I longer ſtay.
Since we muſt part, why ſhould we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my ſoul could prize,
And miſſing that, can all the reſt deſpiſe;
Yet ſhould I not repent my follies paſt,
Could you take up and grow reſerv'd at laſt,
'Twould pleaſe me, parted from your fatal charms,
To ſee you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatnings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I ſhould ever do you hurt:
For though my former paſſion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! While thus I waſte my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:

I 'll ſearch for ſuch, and to the firſt that 's true,
Reſign the heart ſo hardly freed from you.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

AGAINST MARRIAGE.

YES, all the world muſt ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My queen, my ſlave at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe things to be confin'd,
That were for public good deſign'd;
Could we in fooliſh pride,
Make the ſun always with us ſtay,
'Twould burn our corn and graſs away,
To ſtarve the world beſide.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two ſouls, which paſſion does unite;
For while our love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that love is paſt?

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife 's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When ſober in the morning dares not fight.
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe ills that may enſue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increaſe that wealth he wants the ſoul to ſpend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance ſet
To ſpend that wealth he wants the ſenſe to get.

How

How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's eſtate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

TO CÆLIA,

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN HER FACE.

AH, Cælia! where are now the charms
That did ſuch wondrous paſſions move?
Time, cruel Time, thoſe eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To womens' intereſt, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public ſhare,
The greedy villain firſt devours.

Who, without tears, can ſee a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapleſs fate leſs ſad.

Thou who ſo many fools haſt known,
And all the fools would hardly do,
Shouldſt now confine thyſelf to one!
And he, alas! a huſband too.

See the ungrateful ſlaves, how faſt
They from thy ſetting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haſte
To worſhip Flavia's riſing ſun!

In

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain thoſe eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the ſmiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, ſtill
By cruelty her cauſe maintains;
And ſcarce vouchſafes a careleſs ſmile
To the poor ſlaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waſte their tears;
But ſure they will in time repine,
That thou haſt not a face like hers,
Or ſhe has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where conſtant peace attends!
All hail, ye ſacred ſolitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whoſe converſation pleaſes and improves!

Could one who ſtudy'd your ſublimer rules
Become ſo mad to ſearch for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happineſs in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curſt by the fools, and laught at by the wiſe.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others the name of pleaſure does invite,
All their dull time in ſenſual joys they live;
And hope to gain that ſolid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleaſures move,
Who view with ſcorn the trophies of the great,
Yet muſt myſelf be made a ſlave to love.

If this dire paſſion never will be gone,
If beauty always muſt my heart enthral,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of ſtate
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly ſay, The Trifle I contemn.

In her bleſt arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impoſſible to find.

In women how ſhould ſenſe and beauty meet?
The wiſeſt men their youth in follies ſpend;
The beſt is he that earlieſt finds the cheat,
And ſees his errors while there 's time to mend.

THE

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Reſolves in deſpair
No longer to languiſh,
Nor bear ſo much anguiſh;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would ſoon finiſh his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how ſteep
The ſides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And ſadly reflecting,
That a lover forſaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be ſet;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:

How

How grievous ſoever
The torment might grow,
He ſcorn'd to endeavour
To finiſh it ſo.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

SONG.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curſt;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worſt!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you ſee
Are labouring in my breaſt;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt!
How great ſoe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

A SONG

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

I.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every ſingle feature
Shew'd the utmoſt of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart ſhould be defended,
Whilſt you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love 's a ſenſeleſs inclination,
Where no mercy 's to be found;
But is juſt, where kind compaſſion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Perſians, paying ſolemn duty,
To the riſing Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

I.

WHEN ſlaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that deſire,
But aſk the power to reign.

II. Think

II.

Think how unjuſt a ſuit you make,
  Then you will ſoon decline;
Your freedom, when you pleaſe, pray take,
  But treſpaſs not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
  I ne'er will grant the thing,
That he, who once has been my ſlave,
  Should ever be my king.

AN EPISTLE,

To a LADY who had reſolved againſt MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
  Your reſolution for a ſingle ſtate;
Ladies, who would live undiſturb'd and free,
Muſt never put on Hymen's livery;
Perhaps its outſide ſeems to promiſe fair,
But underneath is nothing elſe but care.
If once you let the Gordian Knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride;
That one fond act your life's beſt ſcene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whoſe ſtrange meanders you may ſearch about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little eaſe,
The beſt of huſbands is ſo hard to pleaſe:

This

This in wives careful faces you may ſpell,
Though they diſſemble their misfortunes well.
No plague 's ſo great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
For Love's inſinuating fire they fan,
With ſweet ideas of a god-like man.
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their ſwains,
And ſung their praiſes on the neighbouring plains;
Oh! they were brave, accompliſh'd, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure ſome reſiſtleſs power with Cupid ſides,
Or we ſhould have more virgins, fewer brides;
For ſingle lives afford the moſt content,
Secure and happy, as they 're innocent:
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endleſs eaſe,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon ſeas:
Your ſleep is broke with no domeſtic cares,
No bawling children to diſturb your prayers;
No parting ſorrows to extort your tears,
No bluſtering huſband to renew your fears!
Therefore, dear madam, let a friend adviſe,
Love and its idle deity deſpiſe:
Suppreſs wild Nature, if it dares rebel;
There 's no ſuch thing as "leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

I.

THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
Would soon their darling deity despise,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient distance all her charms,
Approach them, and you 'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd.
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice, with charms and ſcorn.

II.

Fair ſaint, to your bleſt orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence hearken to a ſinner's prayer,
And be leſs beauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And perſecute this breaſt no more:
Ah! tell me why muſt every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myſelf reſign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more ſuſtain
This long-continued ſtate of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitleſs to complain.
My heart, firſt ſoften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:

So fond and eaſy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own intereſt blind,
So ſtrangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than veſtal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to ſtay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to ſtop it I eſſay'd,
Though often, often, I diſplay'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By ſome proud maid ill us'd and ſcorn'd,
I ſtill the renegade careſt,
And gave it harbour in my breaſt.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it ſo admir'd;
With ſhame and ſorrow overcaſt,
And ſad repentance for the paſt,
A thouſand ſacred oaths it ſwore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimæras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-gooſe chace of love.
Thus it reſolv'd — — — —
Till ſome new face again betray'd
The reſolutions it had made:
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone:
And, though ſo often it had fail'd,
Though vainleſs every heart aſſail'd,

Yet,

Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou haſt banter'd wretched me;
Thus made me vainly loſe my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime;
And yet, for all the hours I've loſt,
And ſighs, and tears, thy bondage coſt,
Ne'er did thy ſlave thy favours bleſs,
Or crown his paſſion with ſucceſs.
Well — ſince 'tis doom'd that I muſt find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleaſure muſt obtain,
Let me at leaſt avoid the pain:
So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd ſit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewel.
Nay, aſk for all I felt before,
Only to be diſturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'ſt me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful deſire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her, *I never ſaw:*
And who, but lovers, can expreſs
This ſtrange, myſterious tenderneſs?

And yet methinks 'tis happier ſo,
Than whom it is I love to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I ſhould ſomething find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did beſtow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus ſhe ſings, ſhe looks, ſhe talks.
Sometimes I ſigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could ſhe my trickling tears but ſee,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cauſe to grieve,
I pleaſingly myſelf deceive;
And ſure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Leſt ſhe ſhould be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by Fancy's height:
Leſt (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, loſt in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes ſhould tell,
'Tis her I dare to love ſo well);
She, with an angry, ſcornful eye,
Or ſome unkind, ſevere reply,
My hopes of bliſs ſhould overcaſt,
And my preſuming paſſion blaſt.

If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not ſee her I love,
Thy altars proſtrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muſe, my humble voice inſpire
To ſing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful ſwain ſuppreſt his grief,
And, ſince he durſt not hope, ne'er aſk'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep ſighs, as if his heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her hand, theſe tender things he ſpoke:

DAMON.

Ah, lovely nymph! behold your lover burn,
And view that paſſion which you'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no ſwain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice myſelf for thee!

Could I but pleaſe thee with my dying verſe,
And make thee ſhed one tear upon my hearſe!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the reſt at firſt aſſail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lovers flame,
For flocks, for paſtures, for an empty name.
Yet though the bleſt poſſeſſion fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on thoſe eyes:
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent 's my flame,
That Phaon, did he ſee it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I will for you.
If on eſteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Thoſe you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And ſince we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life expreſs,
May make the value more, the pity leſs.

DAMON,

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
(Ye Gods! what ſhivering pains ſurround my heart!)
And have one thought to make your pity leſs?
Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs expreſs,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold thoſe charming eyes again.
When gay diverſions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;
But when from them you ſome ſpare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I ſhall behold the green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming eyes have ſeen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my ſoul away!
But ſee my paſſion that ſmall aid denies;
Grief ſtops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayeſt one of all the ſwains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
While love's mad paſſion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his ſmart;

Strives

Strives in low numbers, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe,
If not to move her breaſt, his own amuſe.
You, Chloris, who with ſcorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal pride diſdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.
Now while the flocks and herds to ſhades retire,
While the fierce ſun ſets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How ſmall 's the heat! how eaſy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!
Yet ſcornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my ſongs and pipe ſtill turns her ear:
Not ſo the ſage Coriſca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care;
From them my ſongs a juſt compaſſion drew;
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by you.
Why name I them, when ev'n chaſte Cynthia ſtays,
And Pan himſelf, to liſten to my lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my ſong:
Yet Galatea ſcorns whate'er I ſay,
And Galatea's wiſer ſure than they.
Relentleſs nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Though you diſlike the ſubject of my lays,
Yet ſure the ſweetneſs of my voice might pleaſe.
It is not thus that you dull Mopſus uſe;
His ſongs divert you, though you mine refuſe:

Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhould)
What the wiſe Lycon ſaid, when in yon' plain
He ſaw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chace a heedleſs fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verſe to pleaſe her ear;
Seek out ſome other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his ſongs, ſhould fly from thine.
Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage falſe dangers forms;
'Tis not his ſongs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, ſcornful maid, in time you'll find thoſe toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain eſteem,
If for all that you are aſham'd of him.
Ah, Galatea, would'ſt thou turn thoſe eyes,
Would'ſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my cries;
In ſuch ſoft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With ſuch ſweet ſongs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himſelf might not diſdain to own.
Oh could'ſt thou, fair-one, but contented be
To tend the ſheep, and chace the hares, with me;
To have thy praiſes echo'd through the groves,
And paſs thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let thoſe gaudy toys thy heart ſurprize,
Which the fools envy, and the ſage deſpiſe.
But Galatea ſcorns my humble flame,
And neither aſks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the beſt cheeſe my well-ſtor'd dairy 's full,
And my ſoft ſheep produce the fineſt wool;

The richeſt wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And ſmiling crops of grain adorn my field.
Ah, fooliſh youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy ſtore,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopſus ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold her haughty pride,
With what diſdain ſhe turns her head aſide!
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with ſuch an angel's face?
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe, at laſt thy fruitleſs moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes reſound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, ſhepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks purſue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

ARISE, O Phoſphorus! and bring the day,
While I in ſighs and tears conſume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Niſa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Arcadia 's famous for its ſpacious plains,
Its whiſtling pine-trees, and its ſhady groves,
And often hears the ſwains lament their loves.

Great

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who firſt taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Mopſus weds Niſa! oh, well-ſuited pair!
When he ſucceeds, what lover can deſpair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly conſort feed.
Go, Mopſus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her ſoft arms thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee bleſt!
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Oh, Niſa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with ſcorn neglect my pipe and voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble ſongs, my herd,
My ſhaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no ſhepherd can deſerve your love;
Mopſus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming perſon, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the thirteenth ſpring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and bluſhes did your charms increaſe.
'Tis love, thought I, that 's riſing in her breaſt;
Alas, your paſſion, by my own, I gueſt;
Then upon truſt I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.

Oh,

Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'ſt thy birth
To rocks; ſome craggy mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.

Relentleſs love to bold Medea ſhow'd,
To ſtain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counſellor, a cruel mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.

Now let the ſcreech-owls vie with warbling ſwans;
Upon hard oaks let bluſhing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmleſs wolves the ravenous ſheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the ſea riſe, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.

Adieu, ye flocks; no more ſhall I purſue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows diſdain,
Take this laſt preſent from a dying ſwain.
Since you diſlike whate'er in life I ſaid,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap ſhall put an end to all my pains.
Now ceaſe, my Muſe, now ceaſe th' Arcadian ſtrains.

Thus Damon ſung while on the cliff he ſtood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loſs bemoan,
Except the authoreſs of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breaſt.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your ſcorns at laſt.

How much ſoe'er you may the love deſpiſe,
'Tis barbarous to inſult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming ſwains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the luſtre of their blooming youth:
No ſullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No paſſions diſcompoſe their ſouls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as ſtory goes,
Between the youths a fierce diſpute aroſe;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deſerv'd, yet both deſpis'd, that praiſe);
But for a cauſe of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmoſt care.
Each ſwain the prize of beauty ſtrove to gain,
For the bright ſhepherdeſs that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they choſe, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and ſage counſel try'd;
Who love's myſterious arts had ſtudy'd long.
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the diſpute alternate verſe they chooſe,
Alternate verſe delights the rural Muſe.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou juſtly ow'ſt the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.
DAM. Though Sylvia, for herſelf, love's power defies,
What crowds of vaſſals has ſhe made to love!

STREP.

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower ſhe wears, a charm expreſs.
DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her dreſs.
STREP. Have you ſeen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She ſeems an image of the queen of love!
DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.
STREP. Flavia by crouds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who ſhall the fair enjoy!
DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!
STREP. Flavia, where-e'er ſhe comes, the ſwains ſubdues,
And every ſmile ſhe gives conveys a dart.
DAM. Sylvia the ſwains with native coldneſs views,
And yet what ſhepherd can defend his heart?
STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an inſtant ſtrike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.
DAM. Sylvia's ſoft charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we like;
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.
STREP. Who is ſo ſtupid, that has Flavia ſeen,
As not to view the nymph with vaſt delight?
DAM. Who has ſeen Sylvia, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other ſight?
STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care views
Her charming graces in the cryſtal lakes?
DAM. To ſee hers, Sylvia need no mirrors uſe;
She ſees them by the conqueſts that ſhe makes.

STRE

STREP. With what aſſurance Flavia walks the plains!
She knows the nymphs muſt all their lovers yield.
DAM. Sylvia with bluſhes wounds the gazing ſwains,
And while ſhe ſtrives to fly, ſhe wins the field.
STREP. Flavia at firſt young Melibœus lov'd;
For me ſhe did that charming youth forſake.
DAM. Sylvia's relentleſs heart was never mov'd;
Gods! that I might the firſt impreſſion make!
STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her;
What indignation would the charmer ſhow!
DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herſelf prefer:
There we alone her judgment diſallow.
STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
Why is this crowded ſtill, and that alone?
DAM. Becauſe their ways of life ſo different are;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now ceaſe your amorous war;
Or too much heat may carry both too far;
I well attended the diſpute, and find
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.
Flavia deſerves more pains than ſhe will coſt;
As eaſily got, were ſhe not eaſily loſt.
Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;
But, once poſſeſs'd, will well reward the pain.
We wiſh them Flavias all, when firſt we burn;
But, once poſſeſs'd, wiſh they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each expreſt,
One we ſhould ſooneſt love, the other beſt.

ECLOGUE V.

DELIA.

Lamenting the Death of Mrs. TEMPEST, who died upon the Day of the great Storm.

YE gentle ſwains, who paſs your days and nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride diſplay
Your beauty's ſplendor, and extend your ſway!
Lament with me! with me your ſorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
Begin, my Muſe! begin your mournful ſtrains!
Tell the ſad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where ſhepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the diſtant ſea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muſe!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news!
The foaming ſea o'erwhelms the frighten'd ſhore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And ſtately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!

The

The gentle Thames, that rarely paſſion knows,
Swells with this ſorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What ſhrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n nature's ſelf in dire convulſions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
O! why did I ſurvive the fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath ſome ruin loſt?
Sunk in the ſeas, or ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt?
Why did the Fates ſpare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
Nor knew I pleaſure but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where ſhall I wander now, diſtreſs'd, alone?
What uſe have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no uſe, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!
What living nymph is bleſt with equal grace?
All may diſpute, but who can fill thy place?
What lover in his miſtreſs hopes to find
A form ſo lovely, with ſo bright a mind?
Doris may boaſt a face divinely fair,
But wants thy ſhape, thy motions, and thy air.
Lucinda has thy ſhape, but not thoſe eyes,
That, while they did th' admiring world ſurprize,
Diſclos'd the ſecret luſtre of the mind,
And ſeem'd each lover's inmoſt thoughts to find.
Others, whoſe beauty yielding ſwains confeſs,
By indiſcretion make their conqueſt leſs,

And want thy conduct and obliging wit
To fix thoſe ſlaves who to their chains ſubmit.
As ſome rich tyrant hoards an uſeleſs ſtore,
That would, well plac'd, inrich a thouſand more:
So didſt thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
Would make a thouſand other nymphs admir'd.
Gay, modeſt, artleſs, beautiful and young,
Slow to reſolve; in reſolution ſtrong;
To all obliging, yet reſerv'd to all;
None could himſelf the favour'd lover call:
That which alone could make his hopes endure,
Was, that he ſaw no other ſwain ſecure.
Whither, ah! whither are thoſe graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy ſhade?
Now, ſhepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful ſwain prepar'd his lays,
His fame exalting while he ſung thy praiſe.
Thyrſis, in gay and eaſy meaſures, ſtrove
To charm thy ears, and tune thy ſoul to love:
Menalcas, in his numbers more ſublime,
Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
Glycon whoſe ſatire kept the world in awe,
Soften'd his ſtrain, when firſt thy charms he ſaw,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs who new-form'd his mind,
Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe; the charms you ſung are fled,
The glory of our blaſted iſle is dead.
Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold

Behold where now ſhe lies, depriv'd of breath!
Charming though pale, and beautiful in death!
A troop of weeping Virgins by her ſide;
With all the pomp of woe and ſorrows pride!
O, early loſt! O, fitter to be led
In chearful ſplendor to the bridal-bed,
Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
A ſpotleſs virgin in her beauty's bloom!
Whatever hopes ſuperior merit gave,
Let me, at leaſt, embrace thee in the grave;
On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiſs:
O that thy coyneſs could refuſe me this!
Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their numbneſs, and thy warmth reſtore,
Claſpt to my glowing breaſt, thou may'ſt revive;
I'll breathe ſuch tender ſighs ſhall make thee live,
Or, if ſeverer fates that aid deny,
If thou canſt not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold grave together may be laid
The trueſt lover and the lovelieſt maid.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to grieve, and not before;
Then ſhall I ceaſe fair Delia to deplore.
But ſee, thoſe dreadful objects diſappear!
The ſun ſhines out, and all the heavens are clear:
The warring winds are huſh'd, the ſea ſerene;
And nature, ſoften'd, ſhifts her angry ſcene.
What means this ſudden change? methinks I hear
Melodious muſic from the heavenly ſphere!
Liſten, ye ſhepherds, and devour the ſound!
Liſten; the ſaint, the lovely ſaint, is crown'd!

While we, miſtaken in our joy and grief,
Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
From the pleas'd orbs ſhe views us here below,
And with kind pity wonders at our woe.
Ah, charming ſaint! ſince thou art bleſs'd above,
Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
Forgive their tears, who, preſs'd with grief and care,
Feel not thy joys, but feel their own deſpair.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

I.

THE man that 's reſolute and juſt,
Firm to his principles and truſt,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
No paſſions his deſigns control,
Not Love, that tyrant of the ſoul,
Can ſhake his ſteddy mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
Nor ſtorms where fleets deſpair;
Not thunder pointed at his head;
The ſhatter'd world may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his ſoul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory roſe,
By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
Of this their poets ſing.

Theſe

Theſe were the paths their heroes trod,
Theſe acts made Hercules a god;
And great Naſſau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he ſtood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening ſtorms combin'd.
" Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way;
" The wind may for a while delay,
" Not alter our deſign.

V.

" The men whom ſelfiſh hopes inflame,
" Or vanity allures to fame,
" May be to fears betray'd:
" But here a church for ſuccour flies,
" Inſulted law expiring lies,
" And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

" Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
" I come, the wounded heart to heal,
" The wounded hand to bind:
" See tools of arbitrary ſway,
" And prieſts, like locuſts, ſcout away
" Before the weſtern wind.

VII.

" Law ſhall again her force reſume;
" Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
" With brighter rays advance.
" The Britiſh fleet ſhall rule the deep,
" The Britiſh youth, as rous'd from ſleep,
" Strike terror into France.

VIII.

" Nor ſhall theſe promiſes of fate
" Be limited to my ſhort date:
" When I from cares withdraw,
" Still ſhall the Britiſh ſceptre ſtand,
" Still flouriſh in a female hand,
" And to mankid give law.

IX.

" She ſhall domeſtic foes unite,
" Monarchs beneath her flags ſhall fight,
" Whole armies drag her chain:
" She ſhall loſt Italy reſtore,
" Shall make th' imperial eagle ſoar,
" And give a king to Spain.

X.

" But know, theſe promiſes are given,
" Theſe great rewards impartial heaven
" Does on theſe terms decree;
" That, ſtrictly puniſhing mens faults,
" You let their conſciences and thoughts
" Reſt abſolutely free.

XI.

" Let no falſe politicks confine,
" In narrow bounds, your vaſt deſign
" To make mankind unite;
" Nor think it a ſufficient cauſe
" To puniſh man by penal laws,
" For not believing right.

XII.

" Rome, whoſe blind zeal deſtroys mankind;
" *Rome's* ſons ſhall your compaſſion find,
" *Who* ne'er compaſſion knew.

" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] not with the lyre;
[illegible] to what height doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The thoughts of gods, and god like [illegible],
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty things
By mean ignoble verſe.

THE GOLDEN AGE [illegible]

An Imitation of the [illegible]
[illegible]

Suppoſed to have [illegible]

" [illegible]

SICILIAN [illegible]
Not all [illegible]
Or if your [illegible]
Make your [illegible]

The time [illegible]
Reſtoring the [illegible]
The vile, degenerate, [illegible]
A high-church progeny [illegible]

[illegible]

O learned Oxford, ſpare no ſacred pains
To nurſe the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley reigns.
And thou great Scarſdale, darling of this land,
Doſt foremoſt in that fam'd commiſſion ſtand;
Whoſe deep remarks the liſtening world admires,
By whoſe auſpicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no ſtrict rules can bind;
You puniſh men for crimes, which you want time to find.
Senates ſhall now like holy ſynods be,
And holy ſynods ſenate-like agree.
Monmouth and Moſtyn here inſtruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the ſacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide Weſt-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their biſhops in a human way.
Now all our factions, all our fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious poiſons fail,
Harley ſhall ceaſe to trick, and Seymour ceaſe to rail:
The lambs ſhall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific admirals, to ſave the fleet,
Shall fly from conqueſt, and ſhall conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at William's coſt,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.

Brereton and Burnaby the court ſhall grace,
And Howe ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Maſon now
Revive and ſhine again in Fox and Howe.
But as they ſtronger grow and mend their ſtrain,
By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
Bold Bellaſis and patriot D'Avenant then,
One ſhall employ the ſword, and one the pen:
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of faction ſhall to peace invite,
And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.
Yet ſtill ſome Whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flouriſhing in barren ground.
Somers maliciouſly employs his care
To make the lords the legiſlature ſhare.
Burnet declares how French dragooning roſe,
And biſhops perſecuting bills oppoſe:
Till Rocheſter's * cool temper ſhall be fir'd,
And North's and Nottingham's ſtrong reaſonings be admir'd.
But when due time their counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh removes have made the game ſecure;
When Somerſet and Devonſhire give place
To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
Both converts great; when juſtice is refin'd,
And corporations garbled to their mind;
Then paſſive doctrines ſhall with glory riſe,
Before them hated moderation flies,
And anti-chriſtian toleration dies.

* Biſhop Sprat.

Granville.

Granville ſhall ſeize the long-expected chair,
Godolphin to ſome country ſeat repair;
Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his juſt reward.

France, that this happy change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on, young James's friends, this is the time, come on;
Receive juſt honours, and ſurround the throne.
Bóldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the ſtate, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are truſted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club aſſembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er Engliſh wine.
Freely the ſenate the deſign proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a ſolemn face,
Propoſe that ſafety give to order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.
Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court careſs,
Exalt its praiſes, but its power depreſs;
And, that impartial juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Biſhops who moſt advanc'd good James's cauſe
In church and ſtate, now reap deſerv'd applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are ſtyl'd unchriſtian by the nation's voice.

Avow'dly

Avow'dly now St. David's cauſe they own,
And James's votes for ſimony atone.
Arſhbiſhop Ken ſhall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind ſtand crouding for
the lawn.
And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt ſail to Lambeth in his Grace's barge.
See by baſe rebels James the Juſt betray'd,
See his three realms by vile uſurpers ſway'd;
Then ſee with joy his lawful heir reſtor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.
O would kind heaven ſo long my life maintain,
Inſpiring raptures worthy ſuch a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, ſhould Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his
ſongs to mine,
Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurel
ſhould reſign.
Prepare, auſpicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger ſtill this chief confin'd)
Now ſend the gout, the hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt George Churchill may ſupply his place.

* Rooke.

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